

THE LITERARY TABLET.

DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION, POLITE LITERATURE, MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, POETRY, &c, &c.

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*Written for the Literary Tablet.***Arthur Welton.**

A NARRATIVE FOUNDED ON FACT.

It is natural to admire whatever is lovely and pleasing to us, whether we behold it in the works of nature or of art. The rural scenery of hill and dale, covered with an exuberant coat of verdure and interspersed with patches of woodland—the trees clothed in living green and resounding with the notes of innumerable feathered songsters—in fact, all of the varied scenes of nature are adapted to excite our admiration and applause. And when we see man, the noblest of the Creator's works, standing forth majestically in all the might and daring with which he is endowed, and exerting himself to the utmost of his ability to glorify his God and benefit his fellow men—when we see him improving the talents of which he is possessed to the best possible advantage, that thereby he may not be a blank in the community where his residence is cast, and his name and influence be worse than useless upon those with whom he associates and is connected, we cannot repress the testimony of our approbation to the course he is pursuing. It is of no consequence what his situation in life may be, whether below or above mediocrity; if it is his aim to meliorate the condition and advance the happiness of mankind—if his constant endeavor is to gain the respect, good will and friendship of his fellow citizens—if he shuns the vicious habits of the profligate, and undeviatingly pursues the ways of virtue, and in every method strives to become a useful member of society, we cannot withhold the meed of praise which his conduct so justly merits.

Equally abhorrent is it, to see a man in fair and easy circumstances, who might be an ornament to the society in which he resides, the pride and comfort of his friends and family, and who might honor his profession and prove a benefactor of his country, give loose to the debasing passions that dwell within him, and become a sot and a debauchee. Yet how often do we see men possessing all that in this world conduces to happiness, and comfortably situated in life, forsake the sober and rational enjoyments of the social and domestic circle, for the flowery, but rugged and uneven, paths of pleasure, which, when we have trodden

them, leave nothing to console us but pain and regret for our folly. It is not, indeed, so surprising, that the low and vulgar, who have no just ideas of rational pleasure, should give themselves up to the pursuit of vice, and even embrace it when developed in its most hideous forms, as that those who have been reared in the lap of affluence and educated in the circle of refinement, should be allured by the siren song of the licentious goddess of pleasure, to sacrifice health, reputation and property for the transitory gratifications which she holds out to us. Many who might have been philosophers, poets or statesmen, have thus been crowned with ignominy—have debased themselves to the level of the brutes—have been a disgrace to their species and a curse to mankind.

There is no vice that has had so large a number of votaries as Drunkenness: other vices have slain their thousands, but the bacchanalian cup has been filled with the life blood of tens of thousands—countless numbers have immolated themselves upon the idolatrous altar of Bacchus. No rank in society has been free from the ravages of the destroyer; high and low, rich and poor, the prince and the peasant, the civilized man and the savage inhabitant of forest or desert have alike fallen before him. The man of science and literature, the philosopher, the jurist, the disciple of Esculapius and the minister of the Gospel, have each drank at the poisonous fountain, and have perished, the victims of their own weakness. In contemplating this lamentable prostration of intellect and talent, we are almost involuntarily led to exclaim, "How are the mighty fallen!"

ARTHUR WELTON, whose history will most forcibly illustrate the truth of the foregoing remarks, was a native of the beautiful and romantic town of —, in the state of Delaware. His parents were persons in affluent circumstances, and sustaining a high rank in the society in which they resided. His father occupied a conspicuous station in public life, and having been crowned with honor and applause, and receiving the commendation of those under whose authority he acted, he retired to the bosom of his family, to spend the remainder of his days in peace and tranquility. He had several other children besides Arthur, who were the pride and support of their

parents' declining years, and two of whom, having received the highest honors of the university, filled places of influence in the community.

The early years of Arthur were spent under the paternal roof, and his infant mind was moulded by the fond and genial influence of a mother's care. She bestowed the most assiduous attention upon his education; it was her ardent wish, and it might be said to be her constant prayer, that her own efforts, aided by the blessing of an overruling Providence, might prove successful in leading him through all the sinuous and intricate ways of an ensnaring world, until he arrived at some station of honor and usefulness, in which he might exert a beneficial influence upon his fellow men, and from which he might reap a rich reward for his toils in this life and a still more abundant harvest in the life everlasting. Those only who have had the good fortune to possess a fond and faithful mother, can know how to value the instruction that such a friend is capable of imparting; or justly estimate the amount of care that the watchful guardian of youthful days has upon her mind.

The progress of Arthur in his juvenile studies was such as might be expected in a youth of quick perception and more than ordinary intellectual powers. He was favored with the best instructors that could be procured, and with every facility for acquiring useful information that kind and indulgent parents could afford. Under the enjoyment of such rare opportunities, it might be supposed that he would make great advancement in his studies; the ardent wishes of his parents, however, in this respect, were more than realized. Already did they fancy that they beheld the partial development of the germ, which they hoped would one day enlarge its growth to a giant stature.

Such rapid advancement in the field of intellectual improvement, soon completed the course of study that he was to pursue under the guidance and direction of his friends, and rendered it necessary for him to leave the home of his childhood and seek some more extended theater, upon which to exercise his mental powers and store his mind with valuable knowledge. This was the most critical period of his life; he had as yet seen but little of the world, and was

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unpracticed in its vain and deceitful ways. How few, alas! are aware of the fact, that the moment when they overstep the threshold of home, to embark on the perilous voyage of life, is the most eventful of their whole existence! So it was with Arthur; it was the turning point, on which depended his future happiness or misery. Hitherto, the watchful eye and guardian care of his parents had kept him from being harmed by the multifarious dangers with which he was surrounded, and he had seen so few of them and was so little accustomed to their form and character, that he was ill prepared to repel their alluring advances; but now he was to be removed from their guardianship, with no Mentor to guide his steps or warn him of the approach of danger.

It was Mr. Welton's design to bestow upon Arthur as good an education as the country could afford, and as no care or expense had been withheld in his preparatory studies, so the greatest facilities were afforded him for advantageously completing them. He was accordingly entered as member of the Freshman class in ——— College, which enjoyed a reputation equal to any in our land, and was to be preferred to most others, on account of the superior talents and attainments of its officers, as well as the high moral character which it sustained. But in every community there are those whose vicious habits and corrupted minds not only destroy themselves and render them obnoxious to respectable society, but who also contaminate the atmosphere in which they move and exert an unhappy influence upon those with whom they are associated. There were many characters of this description amongst the large number of students congregated in the venerable halls of ———. Some of them were from the same section of country with Arthur, and as he was necessarily obliged to associate with them, it was soon perceivable that they exerted a baneful influence upon him. Many were confirmed debauchees; but as they had been reared in circles of refinement and were not wholly regardless of the good opinion of others, they still maintained a specious exterior, which gave no intimation, to the unpracticed eye, of their real character.

Into such society was young Arthur cast, as a lamb into the midst of wolves, entirely unprepared to ward off the insidious approaches of the vices with which he was encompassed. At first, his principles appeared not to be affected by the outward circumstances in which he was placed; he yielded not himself to the embrace of the destroyer, and was apparently an unconcerned spectator of the follies and hilarity of his companions; but by degrees it was perceived that he grew slack in his morals and was vitiated by the evil influence to which he was exposed. He dreamed of no danger, however, and anticipated no unfavorable results, thinking himself too secure to become the victim of the monster with whom he was trifling, and relying on his

own strength of character to repel its first attack. The course of life which he pursued seemed to him only the appropriate relaxation of youthful feeling, and he thought that there could be no harm in the indulgence of it. But it is a true maxim, that no man ever touches the intoxicating cup with the intention of becoming a drunkard; it is by almost imperceptible gradations that the habit gains upon him, until he is so firmly bound in its grasp that there is no possibility of escaping from its bondage. This was the case with Arthur: he trusted that he had sufficient firmness and stability of mind to forsake what he supposed to be only juvenile follies, when the moment should arrive that rendered it necessary. But it was otherwise with him; for before he was aware of it, he had gone so far in dissipation that the hope of reform could not be reasonably entertained. Step by step he progressed in the ways of intemperance, plunging from one excess into another, until he was finally lost to shame and became a confirmed drunkard.

Often did the voice of conscience rouse him from his stupor and excite pangs of remorse in his bosom, but he hushed the murmurings of the faithful monitor and resorted to the intoxicating cup to overcome the inquietude of his mind. His parents were much affected by this conduct in one upon whom they had bestowed so much care, and this unkind return for all their solicitude and anxiety on his account, well nigh brought their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. On his return to college, at the close of vacations, an apparent alteration in his conduct was discernable; but these proved to be only intervals of temporary reformation, when he would again return to his old habits of dissipation, and drown the recollections of the past and the cares of the future in the stupefying bowl. I have seen him so much under the influence of the intoxicating draught as to be unable to guide with steady hand the carriage that he was driving, which would pursue its zigzag course along the avenue, until, in his endeavor to avoid some obstacle, it was overturned and dashed to pieces. I have seen him, at the conclusion of some licentious revel, when not capable of directing his own movements, supported by two of his companions, and exposed to the gaze of the multitude, bend his faltering steps towards his room, where he might, unseen by mortal eye, sleep away the effects of the soporific potion.

This course he pursued, with little variation, until the close of his collegiate life: not being, it is true, in a state of continual intoxication, but yielding, on frequent occasions, to the solicitations of his depraved inclination.

Of his progress in his studies, it is scarcely necessary to speak. When he joined the university, there was every reason to suppose that he would receive the most distinguished honors, and for a time he sustained the highest rank in his class; but by his

continued indulgence in vicious habits, his mental powers were so blunted and his efforts so much abated, that he fell behind many of his fellow students. He would, however, at times, realize the ruinous tendency of dissipation on the scholar, and push on with ardor for a while, in the hope of regaining what he had lost; but it was of no avail—the opportunity of becoming distinguished had fled, and with it all his brightest hopes. He received at commencement only a minor appointment, when at the outset it was his intention to have taken the most important.

Arthur was early destined for the profession of law, the study of which, being in accordance with his own wishes, he entered upon soon after the conclusion of his college course. In this department of learning he also made great progress for a time, and bid fair to rise to distinction; but his intemperate habits had gained such an ascendancy over him, that it was impossible for him to keep them in subjection, and not being under the restraining influence of a watchful faculty, as was the case at the university, he plunged still deeper into dissipation than before. His depraved appetite knew no bounds, and the constant indulgence of it made such inroads upon his health, that he was obliged to leave the professional school and return to his parents.

The remainder of his history may be narrated in few words. At home, the presence and restraint of his parents prevented the gratification of his ruling passion; but his previous excesses had so much impaired his constitution, as to threaten a speedy departure for the world of spirits. Suffice it to say, that a settled consumption, the result of his intemperance, made such rapid advances in the work of dissolution, as in a short time to lay him in his grave. His broken hearted parents and friends wept over him, and tears of sorrow fell from many an eye, that one who was born to the enjoyment of so many privileges, and whose prospects were so bright and fair, should misimprove these advantages and pervert such brilliant talents to an unhallowed use, and finally die the loathsome and disgraceful death of the drunkard. Peace to his ashes! the green sod of the valley now covers the mortal remains of Arthur Welton.

D. G.

Few persons, we believe, even among the learned, know any thing of the true derivation of the word NEWS. Its real signification is denoted by the cardinal letters of which it is composed. N. E. W. S.;—the initials of North, East, West, and South—which means "Intelligence from the four quarters of the globe."

Novel reading vitiates and palls the appetite for literary food of a nutritious kind; it leads the youthful mind to muse on improbabilities; and it excites the passions, by administering a sweet but subtle poison.

Written for the Literary Tablet.

Respect for the Dead.

"Each lonely place shall him restore,
For him the tear be duly shed,
Belov'd till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead."

Veneration for the dead is a sentiment laid deep and strong in the human heart, and may be discovered, in some form, among all nations. It is the province of philosophy to explain the origin and nature of this veneration, and to philosophers I yield the elucidation. That it springs, however, from the belief in the immortality of the soul, which seems to be incorporated in our natures, is highly probable—I may say certain. The unlettered child of nature does not believe, that the cold and livid form which meets his eye is all that remains of him he saw yesterday the emblem of strength and moving in native grace and beauty. An unsophisticated understanding has taught him, that man is destined to exist separate from the body, though the mode of this existence is to him a mystery; and the respect which he shows to the "senseless lump of earth," is prompted by the belief that his friend still lives an airy spectator of transpiring scenes, and that his happiness, in his new state of being, is, in some way connected with the treatment of his now deserted tenement.

The influence of a simple and cultivated state of society on the exhibition of this sentiment, may be seen in the contrast of an English funeral in town, and in the retired village. In the former it is a stately and frigid pageant, made up of show and gloomy parade; mourning carriages, mourning horses, mourning plumes, and bending mourners, who make a mockery of grief. In the latter where the customs of rural life still linger, it is a beautiful and simple-hearted ceremony, exhibiting no imposing splendor, but much to touch the heart. It is the reign of deep and solemn stillness, broken only by the half stifled sob which occasionally escapes the murmuring train, and the knell, as it steals with its pervading melancholy over every hill and vale, saddening all the landscape. The pageant, if I may be allowed the term, is comprised in strewing flowers before the funeral and planting them upon the newly made grave.

It is greatly to be regretted that a custom so truly elegant and touching as the one to which I have alluded, should have disappeared from general use, and exist only in the more remote and insignificant villages. It is, however, consonant with all history and experience. The simple customs of rural life have ever shunned the walks of civilized society, and it must be added the keen feeling also which gave them birth has commonly ceased to thrill through the bosom. The remark seems to be founded in truth, that "in proportion as people grow polite, they care to be poetical." Friendship becomes

"a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep;"

and sympathy, one of the loveliest virtues which adorns human nature, is checked in its free impulses, while its more affecting and simple exhibitions are supplied by studied form and pompous ceremonial.

This tendency of things is greatly to be deprecated, especially its agency in obliterating the associations of sacredness which are naturally connected with the circumstances and place of interment. The church-yard is surely one of the holy spots of earth. It is there that we seem to stand upon the verge of two worlds.

"Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heavens."

The grave is also the ordeal of truly human affection. It is there that the divine passion of the soul shows its superiority to the instinctive attachment of the brute; for the love of the animal must be continually refreshed by the presence of the object, but the love of the human soul can live on long remembrance.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. The remembrance may open the flood-gates of sorrow, and send keen and bitter pangs of grief through the soul—be it so; better this than sink into dull, dark, and stupid forgetfulness. Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has also its delights. When the first wild burst of anguish is passed—when that awful sense of loneliness—of the wreck of all that was beautiful and lovely, has become calmed into subdued tenderness and peace in meditation—who would blot out such sorrow from the heart?—who would dry up such a fountain of grief? At a moment like this what a place of mournful, blissful recollection is the Grave! the grave which buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. It is here that we call to mind all those traits which we once loved—those numberless offices of tenderness—friendly counsels, kind admonitions, soft, sweet accents of consolation. Then too we dwell on the tenderness, the awful, solemn tenderness of the parting scene—the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its mute, watchful assiduities—the feeble, thrilling, oh! how thrilling! pressure of the hand—the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Reader, if thou hast ever mourned over ruined hopes, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate. Call to mind every unkind look, every ungenerous word, every un-

gentle action, towards that departed being who can never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition. Settle the account with thy conscience, and turn thy weeping eyes to Heaven to seek forgiveness there. A.

Written for the Literary Tablet.

Contentment.

Contentment, though not one of the most dazzling qualities of the mind, is nevertheless one of very extensive utility. Its operations are more concealed but not less salutary than those of many other highly esteemed virtues. It is the anodyne of human sorrow, an antidote for the incessant toils, misfortunes, and miseries of life. Without it, life would be scarcely supportable. The victim of calamity and misfortune, of calumny and contempt must become the unfriended prey of corroding despondency. The days of man's probation would present a mournful picture of woe, uniform in its color, save where the aggravations of ordinary suffering tinged it with a blacker hue. The victim could look forward to no mitigation of his ills, but in a want of reflection on the past, and anticipation of the future. He must destroy the power of memory to sting, and of thought to harass. Indeed, we must consider him who is destitute of contentment as a wretch whose present existence is a curse.

There is not a stage nor scene in life in which this virtue can be dispensed with. From the cradle to the grave, man is the subject of affliction. His journey through time is but

"A painful passage o'er a restless flood;
A vain pursuit of fugitive, false good;
A scene of fancied bliss and heartfelt care,
Closing at last in darkness and despair."

What then shall buoy him up on this stormy sea which has no shore but eternity and no calm but in the night of death? How can his frail bark be preserved and guided to the haven of peace if contentment be not his fellow voyager? Amid the vicissitudes of life and the versatility of human favor, pitiable indeed must be his condition who possesses not this support. Every blast of adversity sweeps away his hopes, chills his spirits, deadens all his energies, and clouds his brightest prospects in darkness. If the sun of prosperity does not always shine upon him, he sinks at once into the cold gloom of melancholy. He cannot live in this world of change, in calm, unruffled serenity.

Not so with the contented man. Instead of repining at the allotments of Providence, he enjoys the present with calmness and patiently and fearlessly awaits the future. Like a majestic rock far in the ocean, against which the billows rage in vain, he stands unmoved and uncrushed by the pressure of disaster. With equanimity he bears the poverty of a beggar or the wealth of a prince, the meanness of a hovel or the splendors of a palace. No matter where he is, or what are his circumstances;—whether melting beneath a torrid sun, or

shivering in the blasts of a polar winter; whether tossing with the hardy Iclander in his canoe over seas ridged with frozen mountains, or wandering with the savage Arab over trackless deserts; whether languishing in a hospital, or chained in a dungeon, he is still the same: and when the waves of trouble run high and the shadows of evil thicken, he suppresses his rising fears with the reflection,—

“—non, si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit.”

T.

Written for the Literary Tablet.

New Year Reflections.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum

Caliginosa nocte premit Deus.

Hor. L. III. O. 29.

But Jove, in goodness ever wise,
Hath hid in clouds of depthless night
All that in future prospect lies
Beyond the ken of mortal sight.

Francis' Trans.

It is no small argument in proof of the universal benevolence of God, that he has appointed certain seasons in the lives of all men, peculiarly adapted to serious meditation in regard to the nature and end of their being, and their present and future prospects. In thus ordering the plan of his providence, the Almighty has wisely consulted the highest good of his creatures: for, unadmonished by the frequent landmarks and beacons which lie scattered along his path, man, forgetful of his own frailty, would seldom cast a thought beyond the confines of his mortal state, and, regardless of his final destiny, would make little provision for the welfare of his spirit when no longer capable of participating in the sensual pleasures of its earthly tabernacle.

But however unmindful of their true interests mankind would be if left to the guidance of their own inclinations, furnished as they now are with so many lessons of warning and restraint, few can pass through life without occasionally indulging in serious reflections on their ultimate destination and condition. Nor is it strange that beings, every circumstance connected with whose origin and existence is involved in such impenetrable mystery, should often wish to pierce the gloom which hides from their view that world on which they are so soon to enter, but respecting which, all is yet uncertainty and doubt.

Inseparable as is this solicitude from the rational mind, the return of one of those resting places which a kind Providence has established in the journey of life, where, as from the summit of some commanding elevation the traveler may survey the country over which he has come, and that which still separates him from the termination of his pilgrimage, is calculated to awaken within it more distressing apprehensions than ordinarily disturb its repose. As we revolve in our thoughts the changes which have marked the lapse of another period of time; as we wander among the graves of blighted hopes and buried friendships, which but a few months since promised so rich a

harvest of renown and felicity; and as we reflect on the thousand accidents which we have escaped only to encounter again in more appalling forms; how can humanity, while she sheds a tear of regret over the past, repress the sigh which involuntarily rises, as the vicissitudes of the future crowd before the imagination? Callous indeed must be his heart, who, standing amid the wrecks of former years, feels no misgivings, no disquieting fears in regard to his own approaching fate.

Yet, though sometimes we cannot but be impatient to remove the veil from futurity, a moment's consideration will convince us how detrimental to our happiness would be such a measure, were it practicable. The various blessings which are intended to mitigate the sorrows and alleviate the trials of this our present abode, would be converted into so many avenues of misery, were we to know in anticipation the half of those evils which God in his wisdom may have reserved for us. And so disposed is man to aggravate trouble, that, overlooking in the magnitude of his real or imaginary ills whatever good might also be in store for him, his life would present to his distorted vision, but one continued scene of unbroken dreariness. “Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;” and it is a fortunate constitution of our natures, that we are usually able to sustain the calamities which fall to our several portions, coming as they do in succession, and unexpected until experienced. But were this otherwise: were we endowed with powers to penetrate the shadows of the future and in its recesses to scan the web of our destiny, what mind, though fortified with more than human strength could bear the fearful disclosure? Who then would not gladly return to his former ignorance and conjectures?

This unconquerable desire in man to pry into the secret counsels of the Almighty, is a valuable argument in favor of the immortality of the sentient principle within him. Were he designed only for a limited existence; did all his interests terminate in this world, to implant within his bosom hopes and aspirations, the indulgence of which, would but add to the number of his disappointments, would imply a delight in mischief on the part of God, which none could wish, and few would dare to believe. Far happier, in that case, would be the brute, who, with faculties enough to satisfy the demands of his appetites, is cursed with none, to gratify which, were forever impossible.

But this supposition, derogatory alike to the dignity of man and the moral character of his Maker, should never be advanced unless to be repelled with indignation. Man's being is immortal: and though darkness now envelops his hereafter, the day will dawn when, before the light of eternity this gloom shall be dissipated, and his disenthralled spirit shall drink in full supplies of knowledge from the everlasting fountains of truth.

T.

Written for the Literary Tablet.

THE MORAL UNIVERSE.

THE moral universe comprehends all created intelligent beings. These are of various orders, according to the period of their creation. They are formed with the same faculties, which are capable of vast improvement. The highest orders of rational beings, do not possess greater intellectual powers than the lowest; but their superiority results from having been longer engaged in the contemplation of truth, and the acquisition of knowledge.—The human soul appears to be an inferior order of this species of beings, possessing intellectual powers capable of progressive assimilation to the Supreme Intelligence. The substance of which these beings are formed is a refined ethereal essence, invisible and intangible to the human perceptions.

Whether the moral universe has always existed, may reasonably be doubted—because whatever is created, must begin to exist at some period; and if its existence had a beginning, it could not be co-eval with the existence of the Eternal Creator: it could not have been preceded by any other moral universe, because such a universe, when once created, could never cease to exist; mind is in its very essence immortal, being of the same nature with the Divinity—and we are not at liberty to suppose, that any laws or principles would be incorporated with a moral universe now, different from those which would be instituted at any previous period of duration. From these circumstances, we are led to infer, that the present is the only moral universe that ever has existed, and that it had a beginning.

Thus the mind may dart up the stream of duration, till it lights upon a period when created mind did not exist; when Divine mind was a mighty fountain of intelligence, from which flowed no stream of intellectual power and energy—a fathomless profound of light, from which poured no beams to chase away the moral darkness which surrounded the eternal throne. It may thus contemplate a period when mutable and dissolving matter constituted the sum of the Creator's works—and when universe succeeded universe in rapid succession; when no created intelligence paid its homage to the Eternal Father—when no communion existed between uncreated and created mind; when there was no fellowship, but the fellowship of the Eternal Trinity.

There exist in the moral constitution of things, certain eternal and immutable principles of justice and equity. The perfect conformation of the character and conduct to these principles; constitutes the sum total of moral rectitude. By these sublime rules, the divine conduct is squared, and the divine character is shaped.—All voluntary agents are required to conform to them. Their all-pervading spirit is benevolence, and universal love sheds its hallowed influence around them. But

it is often said, that the Divine Will is the standard of right, and that whatever emanates from this source must necessarily be good. But it should be remembered that the Divine Will is always accordant with these principles; and that whatever might be the Will of the Supreme Intelligence, these principles would still stand, a lasting and eternal monument of justice and truth. This Holy Being, further, is not necessarily guided by these principles, but voluntarily: if necessarily, then he would lose His independent character, and assume that of a mere instrument in the hands of imperial Fate. And if the Uncreated Intelligence is not morally free, then created intelligences are not. But Universal Mind is free; it can be bound by no chains, it can be restrained by no fetters. The mind of *man* degraded as it is, soars above the objects of sense, and grasps mighty principles and heavenly thoughts—it takes its flight, on its imaginative wing, to the bosom of the Deity, the source from which it springs. There it holds communion with Infinite Perfection and Boundless Benevolence; there it beholds circling the seat of Infinite Justice, the hosts of adoring intelligences; and there, in view of all the divine outpourings of love and beneficence, it learns the END for which God created the universe of mind. REFLECTOR.

The Child of the Cascade.

A WESTERN TALE.

CHAPTER VI.

To describe the character of a man whose heart is capable of deeds of the blackest dye, and follow his wicked course through midnight scenes, in which murder and violence are attempted upon the innocent and defenceless, is a task from which we would fain be excused; but from the records which now lay before us, though scarcely intelligible, blotted and defaced as they are, either by the hand of time, or the tears of the wretch from whose confession the facts are taken, we find it necessary to record them, to continue the chain of events connected with our Tale.

On the evening of the first day in which Gordon returned and revealed himself to his old acquaintances, the Butterfields, he was determined on the destruction of the infant Julia. Finding that the children slept with Matilda in a room adjoining the one in which he lodged, he, after every thing had become still in the house, cautiously arose, and with the lightest tread, glided along into the room, where lay the victim which he was determined if possible, to sacrifice in secret. The darkness seemed to favor his hellish designs as he entered the room. The little Julia and Henry slept in a small bed beside that of Matilda, and he crouched himself by its side, immediately placing a pillow upon the face of the child, pressing it tight to prevent respiration; but the wretch was deceived in his plan; for, the

infant struggling, began to make some noise, and thinking he heard Matilda stir also, he crept without the room, and rose just at the moment she sprang from the bed towards the children. As he rose to glide to his room, he had to pass the door; in which, although his movements were quick, it seems he was just for a moment seen by the half terrified girl, as she was stooping towards Julia.

Thus frustrated, he cautiously retired to his bed, but not to sleep—his guilty conscience smote him, and it was not until the morning dawned that he composed himself enough to take a short nap.

He arose late, but as nothing was whispered concerning the transaction of the night, he readily concluded that all was well; and it was with inexpressible satisfaction that on this day he saw Henry depart, to be absent perhaps till the next; and during the whole day he resolved and re-resolved on his evening plan. His attention towards the children and Matilda, he perceived pleased the old dame, and until he retired for the night, he strove his utmost to please the whole family.

On this evening he lay awake until he heard Matilda retire to her room, and finally every noise became hushed. It was a beautiful evening, and so light that he was almost tempted to defer his second attempt. At length, however, he arose and wrapping himself in a sheet, softly entered her chamber; so eager was he to reach the bed, that just as he arrived near it, he stumbled and pitched forward, falling on the same bed with Matilda. Feeling the load which fell heavily on her, the affrighted girl opened her eyes, and seeing a man in white, raising himself on his feet by her side, she shrieked, and attempted to lift herself up, when Gordon pushed her back, throwing his arms around her, attempted to stop her screams. At this instant the noise below struck upon his ears, and muttering a horrid oath to himself, he desisted, while the shocked and terrified girl passed him, flying to the head of the stairs.

Gordon now being left alone, paused a moment, deliberating what to do, and hearing the family rushing up the stairs immediately retreated to his room, as he supposed unperceived.

Here he brooded over his defeat, resolving to defer, for the present, all his schemes, and take up his residence the next day in his house near the Cayuga.

It was with some surprise the next morning, that Henry learnt from his father of his taking a new residence; and old Sarah and Nicholas exchanged significant glances, inwardly rejoicing that he was about leaving their dwelling; for Matilda had revealed to her mother the true cause of her fright. Accordingly, Gordon at an early hour accompanied by Henry, started for his residence. On reaching which, it became necessary to palm some story upon Henry to account for its being furnished; and he was informed that the occupants had left it for

Canada, disposing of it just as it was. In addition, he informed Henry that it was his intention of again marrying and spending his days in that spot.

The little acquaintance that Henry had with his father, made him easily deceived for a short time as it respected his disposition; there was, however, a secret something in his looks when Henry gazed at him, that made him feel as if all was not right. He wished, yet dare not ask the question, whether he was to live with him or still reside with his nurse in the family of honest Nicholas. The interest that he felt for Matilda, made him also wish to acquaint his father of his love for her, yet he felt a reluctance in touching on the subject. The situation which his father had taken was pleasant, and commanded a fine view of the lake—the scenery around was also delightful—yet the dwelling of his nurse was preferable to Henry, for it contained Matilda, and likewise his little protegee Julia; for he knew not why, yet he was uncommonly attached to the little innocent, whom he had rescued from a watery tomb.

No farther conversation passed between the father and son, after Gordon had informed Henry of his plans; and he obtained permission late in the afternoon to return and take up a short residence with his nurse.

After Henry had left him, and the evening had arrived, Gordon gave full vent to his feelings, and the smothered rage of his dark and diabolical bosom now burst forth like a volcano. He drank large potations of Brandy; and at every inebriating draught, he swore yet to accomplish his foul purpose, and destroy the infant Julia. Twice he had been defeated, and the last time, he was well convinced his discovery in the room of Matilda, was known by the Butterfield family, who probably would acquaint Henry of it.

The state of feeling at old Nicholas' was different, however; for on his departure from the habitation of Butterfield, Sarah could not refrain from expressing her joy. She treated Nicholas with a more than usual affection, and brought out the little "Black Betty," with which she indulged him to an unusual degree, remarking that she was sorry for her dear Henry; "but he must be blinded as much as possible to the errors of his father; for it is so *despert* to have a son hate his parent; but if he does find him out, and hate him, it will be nothing more than could be expected, when an old man like him conducts so towards his friends."

The feelings of Matilda, likewise, on this occasion, were such as might be expected from one so innocent and pure. She wished, yet dare not communicate to her beloved Henry, the true cause of her alarm on the evening preceding. The cause of Gordon's visit to her room, she could not divine, unless he meant more than ruffian violence to her person. At any rate she felt injured beyond the reach of forgetfulness—she might indeed forgive the father of Henry; but to forget, would be in vain; and she

thought she never more could look upon him with those feelings which previously actuated her. She also shrunk with horror at the thoughts of the pain a disclosure to Henry, would inflict upon his noble and generous heart; and agonizing sensibility seemed to torture her at the consequences that might ensue if he should learn the true cause of her alarm; and after reflecting some time, she at length firmly resolved to keep it from him.

Things remained in this state, and a day or two passed off, and nothing was heard from Gordon.

Henry had returned on the evening of the day he accompanied his father; but he had scarcely spoken a word. He looked melancholy and dejected, as though something lay heavy on his mind.

Old Sarah did all she could to cheer him up, by keeping her tongue running incessantly—for nature had endowed her with a bountiful “gift of the gab.”

Brief Remarker.

The Indian's Soliloquy.

Alone I tread the mountain's brow,
And mourn the white man's broken vow,
My joys are gone,—my hopes have fled,
My heart is cheerless, cold and dead,—
My friends and kindred, where are they?
Lo they have come, and passed away;
My countrymen—that noble band—
Are swept and banish'd from the land,
Or sleep forgotten in the grave,
O'erwhelmed by dark oblivion's wave.
No loving friend will o'er me bow,
To wipe the death-drops from my brow.
The play mates of my early days—
Where doth their youthful ardor blaze?
Those cherish'd flowers once clad in bloom,
Are wet and wither'd in the tomb—
The scenes of boyhood, they are past,
And health and life are fading fast.
Farewell, ye mountains, cold and dear,
Ye have no charms to bind me here,
Your lonely cones, and showy peaks,
In voice of gloomy sadness speak,
The deer that bounded o'er the lawn,
The beaver and the hare are gone,
The stag hath yielded to his fate,
And all is drear and desolate.
Farewell, he said, then seized his bow,
And sprung like lightning thro' the snow,
He darted through the dreary wood,
Till on an awful cliff he stood,
Farewell, ye scenes, again he cried,
Farewell, ye gently rolling tide,
Where often in my light canoe,
I've glided o'er thy waters blue,
I leave you all without a sigh,
Again farewell, I gladly die.
He paused—his fiery eye-balls roll,—
And madness seized his frantic soul,
He sprung from off the rugged steep,
And sunk to his eternal sleep.

K. K.

Time.

There is nothing so important and at the same time so lightly esteemed among men, as time. Upon his use of it depend his happiness and usefulness, or misery and loathsomeness here, and his eternal felicity or woe hereafter. Of all the inducements presented to man, there is none so flattering and full of promise as the proper use of time. The improvement or neglect of it determines the character of every individ-

ual. There is no person however obscure his birth, however degrading his situation, or however debased in the eyes of men, but may, by the improvement of the fleeting moments allotted to him, rise to respectability, honor, and usefulness. There is no one who will carefully and diligently apply himself to the improvement of time, but may rise to no insignificant standing in society and rank among the worthies of the earth, and, what is of more consequence than all, take a high seat in the kingdom of his Father.

Time, however, is considered by men, with comparatively few exceptions, as of no great importance, and they accordingly do not make use of it to the best advantage. Many pass away the precious moments allotted to them in indulging themselves in an unnecessary quantity of sleep. Morpheus to them is their best friend and most agreeable companion, and they accordingly spend most of their time in his embrace, and thus in sloth and inactivity they pass away the period of their existence. Others whose hours hang heavily upon them, join in sport and amusement, or unite with some jovial band, where they can insensibly bid a last farewell to the departing hours. In these, and a thousand other ways that might be mentioned, is the time of man taken up, being an injury to himself, and of no benefit to his fellow men. Were the amount of time squandered by man to be added to his period of existence, his life would be increased at least one third.

Look at the manner in which the time of those who have been universally greeted with applause was spent. If we could follow them in their private walks, we should find them systematically applying themselves to the improvement of every leisure hour in some useful and beneficial employment.

The “want of time” affords an excuse for many, who were they to make a good use of the few leisure moments they have, would find this excuse unnecessary; were they to apply and rightly to appropriate the old saying in regard to money to time, (“save your cents and they will become dollars”) many a precious day, and with not a few, many years would be rapidly accumulated.

Time insensibly flies with the greatest rapidity. If we will look back upon the past and contemplate scenes which took place long ago, they are fresh in our recollection, and appear of recent occurrence. But when we look forward to the future, to years yet to come, we consider them as a great distance from us; but ere we are aware of it, they have come and gone forever. The farther a person advances in life, with the greater rapidity time passes away; a year appears to the youth of as great length as a score to him who has nearly run his earthly race; time to him, flies with the greatest velocity; its flight is like the rushing of a mighty wind, while it advances never to return; its course is, and will continue to be onward, until the

angel at the last day with the trump of God shall declare time to be no longer. Until that day its march will be uninterrupted; the marks of its ruthless hand will continue to be seen in the silvery locks of age—in the decaying monuments and mouldering ruins of earthly grandeur, and in the transformations and changes of nature. Until that event, time will continue to transform the face and inhabitants of the earth; nations shall rise and flourish, but the hand of time will consign their memories to oblivion; grand and splendid cities shall be reared, and the great men of the earth shall resort to them and dwell in them, but the hand of time will convert them into dreary wastes, where the beasts of the field shall take their prey or the fowls of the air build their nests.

SEVI.

THE TABLET.

The New Year.

We have just passed a point of time, when it would be profitable for all to pause a moment, and retrospect the transactions of the last twelve months—transactions not only of a public character; but those every day individual occurrences, which come home to the bosoms and the feelings of each and every member of the human family.

There are events which transpire every year, as matters of course; and which, from the very circumstance that we expect them to occur, fail to excite our special attention; but they are not on this account less important or interesting to those whom they most immediately concern. Other occurrences happen only occasionally, and as it were by accident. These excite our wonder for a moment, and then are forgotten; or perhaps a similar occurrence will sometimes awaken a pleasing or a painful recollection of past scenes—but it is generally transient as the tints of the rainbow, and is banished from the mind by new occurrences, like the confused imaginations of a disordered dream.

There is a natural tendency in man, to spread the veil of oblivion over the transactions of past life—especially those of a painful nature, or in which his depravity or folly have appeared conspicuous. Or if he attempts in any instance to store his mind with recollections of the past, he will carefully cull from the promiscuous mass such as wear the smile of joy and gladness; while the tears of penitence or disappointment are rejected as unworthy a place in the collection. But this is not the true way to derive profit from experience. It is like treasuring up the witty sarcasms of a comedy, while the moral of the piece is studiously neglected and forgotten.

Reflection is a profitable source of instruction; but then it should comprehend both the lights and shadows of existence. If we dwell only on the pleasing scenes of past life, and shut our eyes and our hearts against the pains and the mortifications we have experienced;—if we forget the follies and indiscretions of which we have been guilty, and recollect only the few good deeds we may have performed—we shall not be a whit the wiser for

all our ruminations. On the contrary, if we give full scope to our imagination—call up in review the many instances in which we have stepped aside from the path of rectitude—count the various disappointments to which we have subjected ourselves—and then search for the cause of all these evils;—we shall realize a full flow of the benefits resulting from reflection. From the experience of the past, we shall learn to regulate our future conduct.

We have said that reflection is profitable. It is so at all times; but there is, perhaps, no period when it may be more beneficially brought into operation, than at the close of the old, and the commencement of a new year. At this season, when most men are engaged in an examination of their stock of this world's gear, and in adjusting their affairs with their fellow-men—reason seems to say, now is the most appropriate time to see how we stand with our own consciences, and with our Maker. Standing as we do on the threshold of the departing year, and just entering the portals of a new and untried portion of time; it may not be amiss to take a candid survey of the past—mark the instances in which disappointment has blasted our fondest hopes—and regulate our anticipations of the future by the unerring standard of experience.

The Dead.

In our silent musings upon the characteristics of human nature, we have often dwelt with pleasure on the almost universal reverence which is entertained for the memory and the mortal remains of the dead. This is a bright spot on the dark escutcheon of human character, that shines out with additional splendor when contrasted with the many gloomy lines that constitute the picture. It is a remarkable fact, that even among the most barbarous savages, a sentiment of solemn awe is associated with the idea of the mortal remains of a deceased friend. We have never heard of a people, however barbarous and far removed from civilization—however cruel in their treatment of an enemy—who did not entertain the kindest and most respectful feelings towards their deceased countrymen and friends. Funeral rites are performed by every people under the sun; and however various and unlike may be these ceremonies among different nations, still they are all performed with a degree of solemnity that marks the occasion as one of uncommon interest.

In all civilized countries, the grave has been considered as the resting place of deceased mortals; and the grave-yard is looked upon as a sacred spot, and its hallowed retreats are regarded with a feeling of awe bordering on superstition. To mark these sacred spots, and to guard the little hillocks from the careless tread of the wanderer, the affection of surviving friends prompts the erection of monuments, which stand as sentinels to ward off all profane and unhallowed intrusions. So sacred have these mementos ever been considered, that we have never but in one instance heard of their being intentionally and carelessly violated. And with shame for the character of our hitherto peaceful and reputable city,

we are compelled to add that that one instance occurred in our own burying ground, only a few nights since. What could have sunk men so far beneath the level of humanity, as to prompt them to this deed of wanton and unprovoked sacrilege, is more than we can divine. We are glad to be enabled to add, that our worthy Mayor has promptly offered a reward for the discovery of the ruffians who have thus disgraced the name of men, and that no means will be left untried for their apprehension.

Literary Notices.

"The Abolitionist; or Record of the New England Anti-Slavery Society." Boston: Garrison and Knapp.

This is a monthly magazine of 16 octavo pages, the first number of which appeared with the new year. It is edited by a committee of the Anti-Slavery Society, and is to advocate *immediate abolition*. Whatever tends to spread information on the subject of slavery, and to awaken the public mind to a just sense of the evils of this unhallowed system, cannot fail to meet the cordial approbation of all the friends of humanity. The unholy traffic in human flesh has been continued through so many successive generations, that with many *honest* minds it seems to be considered as almost receiving the sanction and approbation of Him "who has made of one blood all nations of men to dwell upon all the face of the earth." But light is beginning to dawn. The spirit of philanthropy is already abroad, on its angel errand of mercy. Men are beginning to discard the old fashioned and barbarous notion, that because a part of the human family are covered with a dark skin, therefore they are destitute of human souls, and are lawful articles of commerce, to be bought and sold like cattle in the market. The idea that some men are "born to command," while others are destined by their Creator to take the place of brutes, and do the bidding of their fellows, is beginning to be exploded. Men begin to realize that a human soul may dwell in an ebony tabernacle; and that after "this mortal shall have put on immortality," and the naked spirit is called to stand before the bar of the Great Eternal, all distinction of color will forever cease. To prepare the way for that blessed time when "the lion shall lie down with the lamb," some men begin to feel that the relation of master and slave ought to be dissolved, and that all distinctions growing out of difference of country or color ought to be abolished. Some men begin to feel that a great debt of justice is due to the sable sons of Africa—that a speedy payment of this debt is proper and expedient—and that a large installment, if not the whole sum, is due from the present generation.

It is in this holy cause that we believe the "New England Anti-Slavery Society" are honestly and conscientiously laboring. And that they may succeed in this great work of emancipation we do most devoutly wish. But we do not wish to see this society built up on the ruins of what ought to be considered its holy sister of charity, the "American Colonization Society." This we have been accustomed to view as one of

the most noble enterprises of the present or any other age. It has already given freedom and a happy home to many a poor child of bondage. It has laid the foundation of a mighty empire of freemen and Christians, on the dark and cruel shores of Africa. It has already enlisted the sympathies of almost this whole people, in behalf of the degraded sons of Africa. It has, indeed, been the mother of the Anti-Slavery Society, and we are compelled to view the attacks upon this holy institution, which appear in the pages of the Abolitionist, in the light of matricidal thrusts. We see not why the two societies may not labor harmoniously and mutually in the same good cause. Let the Anti-Slavery Society procure the emancipation of the slaves, while the Colonization Society shall secure to them a happy home, where they may enjoy the rights and rise to the dignity of freemen. "These things ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone."

"Hints for those who are engaged in Sabbath Schools. By Rev. Thomas Raffles." New Haven: Whitmore and Minor. pp. 62.

The present age is distinguished from all others that have preceded it, by the facilities which are enjoyed for the obtaining of knowledge. No branch of science can be named, but we are pointed to the school where it is taught; no department of literature exists, that has not its professors and its pupils. Indeed, it would seem that to the present age has been reserved the high privilege of leveling the mountains of difficulty, which stand as obstacles in the way to the goal of knowledge. Among the various experiments that have been made in laying the foundations of education, the Sabbath School,—whether we consider its effects with reference to this life, or as reaching out into eternity,—occupies a place among the most important. So universally are the benefits of this institution acknowledged, that a hamlet can scarce be pointed out within the bounds of Christendom, where they are not enjoyed in a greater or less degree. The importance of this subject has called forth the powers of some of the best writers of all countries, to prepare books, not only for the libraries of the scholars, but for the instruction of the teachers in the great principles they are called to enforce upon the minds of their pupils. Among the books of the latter class that have fallen under our observation, none holds a higher rank than the little work whose title stands at the head of this article. This little book, describing the *work and necessary qualifications* of Sabbath School teachers, has just been published by Messrs. Whitmore & Minor in a beautiful style. It should be in the hands of every teacher. It may be found at the bookstores in this city.

Vanity

I gazed upon a female form
As youth and wealth had found her,
The glow upon her cheek was warm,
And beauty's charm was round her.

Her eye was bright, her brow was fair,
But something still was wanting—
Vanity had made its inroads there,
The thought—the mind were wanting.

POETRY.

Written for the Literary Tablet.

The Minstrel's farewell to his Lyre.

Farewell, neglected Lyre,
I cannot sweep thy strings,
My heart has lost its fire,
And Fancy's lost her wings.

'Twas bliss in former years,
To wake thy tuneful lay,
But sorrows, griefs, and tears,
Have swept my joys away.

When moonlight lit the grove,
At evening's twilight hour,
I've wak'd the notes of love,
Within my lady's bower.

But now, my heart is sore,
And we, my Lyre, must part,
But still thy strains of yore—
Shall live within my heart.

But Time, the soother's hand,
May bid my tears depart,
And brighter hours command—
To cheer my drooping heart.

Then, then, neglected Lyre,
Again I'll sweep thy strings,
My heart, resume its fire,
And Fancy plume her wings.

HESFUS.

Written for the Literary Tablet.

The Student to his Father.

Father, my life is fraught with toil—
Not toil of body but of mind;
'Tis none of mine to till the soil
Or taste the joys of rural kind.
'Tis mine to spend my fleeting hours
A suppliant at fair Science' shrine—
To climb her hills, to walk her bowers,
And dig the diamond from her mine.
'Tis mine to trim my dying lamp,
When stars have lit the welkin dome,
When spirits o'er the planets tramp,
The spaniel sleeping at his home.
'Tis mine to read the classic page,
When nature lies in sweet repose,
When roaring winds have ceas'd to rage,
The mourner dead to all his woes.
'Tis mine to view the laboring moon,
And see the halo in the sky,
And clouds that cast a nightly gloom,
Like birds of passage flitting by.
Mine too it is to rise at morn,
Ere fair Aurora streaks the east,
Or Cynthia with her silver horn
Has sunk behind the darken'd west.
And O! 'tis sweet at morning's hour
The spirit calm, the senses even,
To sit in my high lonely tower,
And think of God, of thee, and heav'n.

SYPHAX.

The Poles.

Campbell has expressed, in the following beautiful lines from his "Pleasures of Hope," the indignant feelings which their destiny inspired.

O! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression pour'd to northern wars

Her whiskered pandors and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn;

Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion, from her height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields a waste of ruin laid,—

O! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save;
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?

Yet, though Destruction sweep these lovely plains
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew;—
O! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her wo!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,

Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career!—

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciuszko fell!

Yes! thy proud lords, un pitying land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free;
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,—
Her name, her nature, withered from the world!

To Printers--A Rare Offer.

The health of the undersigned is so poor, that his physician has decided he must relinquish his business. He therefore offers the establishment of THE GEM, for sale—together with the JOB OFFICE attached. The Gem is now in its fifth year, and enjoys an extensive and profitable patronage; as does also his Job Office, both of which are situated in the best location in the village of Rochester, N. Y. To any one who can pay one half of the purchase money down, and give good paper for the remainder, on time, this presents one of the best opportunities in printing in Western New York.

Letters, post-paid, will be attended to—but it were much better, and I should prefer it, if persons wishing to purchase could call personally upon the proprietor, and examine for themselves. Address,

EDWIN SCRANTOM.

Rochester, N. Y. Jan. 1, 1833.

Women almost instinctively deny their first thoughts in favor of a suitor, and seldom willingly reveal them until time and circumstance concur to favor them.

Walter Scott.

An Irish sailor riding on horseback, stopped for a few moments, when the horse in beating off the flies, caught his hind foot in the stirrup—"Avast, avast dobbin," cried the sailor; "if you are going to get on, I'll get off, for I'll not ride double with you."

A student of medicine from Boston, while attending lectures in London, observed that the *King's Evil* had been little known in the United States since the Revolution.

A Doctor and a Poet quarreled; an indifferent person was referred to, to settle the dispute, the latter made the following reply:

"You're faulty both—no penance for your crimes: Bard, take his physic—Doctor, read his rhymes."

Women of no beauty may yet be flattered to believe that they possess some; others of a moderate share that they have a great deal; but those of elegance and charm generally know the perfection of their external graces so well, that they seem to covet that flattery most, which hightens the opinion of their wit and judgment.

It is the highth of folly to place pride in opposition to improvement, or to reject instruction because we think meanly of instructors: no one can be too well informed, and he that imagines he is already superior to information, needs it most.

New mode of preserving property.—A man was charged at Bow street last week, with breaking his household furniture to shivers, to save it from being taken on execution. When told to *keep the peace*, he said he meant to *keep all the pieces*, which the complainant who was a *piece broker* wanted to retain.

A carpenter's wife at Huddersfield, being informed that Boards of Health were necessary to preserve the public from cholera, she went and asked what *wood* they were made of that her husband might make his own!

Errata.

On the first page of last No., first column, 9th line from bottom, for "north-westerly" read *north-easterly*. 2d page, first column, near the middle, for "western hills," read *eastern hills*. 2d column, same page, 2d line from the top, after "loud shriek," read *arose*. J. K.

Married.

In this city, by the Rev. H. Crowell, Mr. Edward R. Lambert to Miss Eliza Booth, both of Milford.

In Stratford, on the 27th ult. Benedict Lillingston Esq. to Miss Marilla Nettleton of Milford.

In Woodbury, Mr. Philo Tuttle to Miss Caroline Stone, of Bethlem.

In New York City, Mr. Hezekiah M. Marks to Miss Cornelia C. Curtiss, of Huntington, Ct.

At Wethersfield, (Rocky Hill) on the 31st ult., by the Rev. Dr. Chapin, Mr. Melzar Gardner, Editor of the Hartford Boquet, to Miss Martha Griswold, adopted daughter of Mr. Roger Warner.

THE LITERARY TABLET

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